

Providence, Sept. 12, '70.

Monday noon.

Dear Wife—Your letter has come to hand, enclosing one from Mrs. Bowles, desiring me to speak at a Woman's Rights Convention at Lowell next month. I shall be slow to make any engagement of that kind until I feel a good deal better than I do now.

You astonish me when you say I forgot to give you and Fanny "good bye." I really thought I had done so, for I was very particular in taking leave of Ellen and Anna; but this shows in what a confused state was my head, just as in the case of Charlotte and Mr. May. I feel deeply concerned, by the way, to hear that Mr. May is not so well; for it looks like a relapse, which, at his time of life, must be attended with more or less danger. I shall cherish the hope, however, that when you next write, you will be able to announce that he is much better. I trust you apologized to Charlotte for my obliviousness about Dr. Arnold's medicine.

^{forenoon}
Yesterday afternoon Dr. Dow gave me

my first electrical treatment, which quieted me somewhat, and enabled me to get a little repose; but the remainder of the day the burning and itching of my flesh returned in full force. Last night I suffered as much as on any night since I was taken down; and from 9 o'clock till this morning I was almost as restless as if I were on a bed of coals, incessantly occupying myself in rubbing, scratching, bathing, &c., till I was utterly exhausted, hearing the clock strike every hour, and not getting a wink of sleep. Of course, I feel a good deal "Mondayish," and not particularly encouraged as to my treatment thus far. But it shows the severity of the attack, and I shall not be so unreasonable as to expect any marvellous cure, instanter, in my case. My trouble seems to be wholly cutaneous; for all over my system there is developed a very fine tetter-like humor, which causes so much heat and itching. No doubt it is fortunate to have it driven to the surface.

I have not seen Dr. Dow to-day, to report to him as to how I got through the night; but this afternoon I shall take my second Turkish bath, and hope it will allay somewhat the terrible itching and heat of the body. My fear is, that I shall have to stay longer here than I anticipated; for you know how reluctant I am to be from home on your account, and I need no assurance from you that no other person can make my place good.

The mosquitoes are not yet all gone, and give some nightly annoyance, though I could not sleep any even if they were absent.

Last night the mice seemed to be gnawing in or near my chamber; and this morning I found a little mouse drowned in my wash-bowl, into which I had poured some water for bathing purposes. I heard a noise as though water was dripping, but concluded it was partly imagination. It must have been the convulsive but futile efforts of the mouse to escape from his watery doom.

Julia Adie took tea with us last evening, after which she and Frederick, and Mr. Henry and myself, called upon William and Mary Townsend; then returned to attend vesper services at Rev. Dr. Hall's church, at half past 7, but were first called up by Phoebe Jackson and my old Newport friend Mrs. Sophia Little, whom I had not seen for a number of years, but ^{who} was in her usual fervid and devotional frame of mind. She went to the State Prison yesterday, and gave a religious exhortation to the prisoners, Phoebe accompanying her. Both of them kindly inquired after your health, and desired me to give you their warm regards.

Sarah Fillinghast has just come in, with her two oldest boys, and will stay to dinner. She and they and her husband have all been quite unwell with colds and catarrhal troubles, but are improving. They will shortly return from Bayat to their city home.

Yesterday the weather was perfectly magnificent. To-day it is equally so.

Your loving W. L. G.